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MY FADED HOPE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I'm in the soul, my darling,
While then wert wont to cheer,
At least of coy twilight,
In solitude to sorrow—
The young have rustling on thy hand,
The deep thought in thine eye,
That from the beauty of the earth
Took coloring for the sky.

The sun doth stretch, my darling,
Its arms across the pane,
And every scent, like violet bells
A purely deep of rain—
The rain whispers from the nest,
The thrush a song doth pour,
And the bee hummeth by the voice
Returned to summer.

There is no hand, my darling,
Like thine can calm my grief,
No spirit-smile intense as thine
To light my loneliness;
The wheels of life move heavily
Since that I look'd on thine;
But we are nearer now than then,
And that doth comfort me.

Maryland, Com., April 20th, 1861.

SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XXII.

SURMISINGS.

When Silverthorne returned he had thrown off the trooper's habit, and his bowing hair and beard once more appeared in their sweety whiteness. He did not bent long about the bush, but came directly to the subject upon which he was natural that his friends should be most interested.

"So far, so good," he said, after he had taken a seat. "For the present, at least, you are safe; for I do not believe that we have been tracked hither; and here I think you will have no cause to remain until the dust of the search is over. You have obeyed me thus far most promptly, and I hope you will continue to trust me."

"Surely," said Dorwood, in a grateful tone, "if we can judge from what we have seen, we have every reason to trust you."

"What I have commenced," returned Silverthorne, "I will carry out, if I can. And that you may understand just how this has been brought about, I will explain; for I suppose you are somewhat curious in the matter.

They both answered that they were; and they listened attentively while the old man spoke.

"From a fancy of my own, conceived as old men sometimes conceive odd things, I had entertained the idea of saving you two, should danger threaten your cause. I may here say, that Elroy Clifton was my prime object; and John Dorwood came for his sake. I had been watching for the return of the smugglers to our coast, but they came when I knew it not; and the first intimation I had of their presence was from Roger Brentwood, who stopped at Clinkwood with his gang. It was told to me that the brig had cast anchor at the mouth of the Lejoe, and thither, as soon as I could make my preliminary arrangements, I made my way; but, when I arrived, Barbod had gone. To find his whereabouts was impossible. The bailiff and his men were on the track, and they might get ahead of me, for they had advantages which I did not possess. What was I to do? There was but one way. If I could not get ahead of the bailiff, I must go with him. I went west back to Cheswold for Luke Bissell to come on with two spare horses, and then I hastened on to Carnford, where I had learned that Brentwood was to stop. I dispatched myself, and forced the bailiff my services, which he accepted as readily as they had been tendered. I saw Luke, and spoke with him privately, directing him to go to the old out, and there wait for me. You know the rest, about as well as I can tell it. That I joined the bailiff was most fortunate, for I certainly could not have found you otherwise until too late. However, it has turned out well. You are free from the persecution that grew from the court—free from public exposure—and, I hope, free forever!

The old man's voice quivered with those last words; and a palpable wave of the depth of his warm feelings, that both his hearers were sensible of—

"My dear sir," said Elroy, speaking tremulously under the burden of gratitude, "I know not what words of mine can convey to you the thanks you have a right to expect; but you will believe, nevertheless, that we both appreciate, to the fullest possible measure, not only the value of your services, but also the noble friendship you have extended to us. And yet—pardon me if I ask you a question. You have brought me to Fairworth. You have lodged two cavaliers of Parliament—and, may we ask, trespass upon the hospitality of its fair mistress?"

"Not in the least, my son. I saw the Lady Lorinda before I set out, and obtained her permission to bring you here."

"And she gave that permission because she felt that she owed to me a debt of gratitude for the service I once did. Is it not so?"

"That consideration may have influenced her. In all probability it did."

The youth worked his hands upon his knees as though he were troubled in spirit; but gradually the mood passed off, and he seemed to have disposed of it skillfully. But it was not the only difficulty which was present to his mind. If he had, for the time, satisfied himself touching Sheriff Clifton which Lorinda Verbrook had played in the affair, he was still anxious concerning the motives of the old boat-builder.

"You must allow me to ask you another question," he said, when he had quietly disposed of his working hands. "You may think me curious; you may think me too curious; but I beg that you will not think me ungrateful, or willing to trespass upon your forbearance." I am a human being, with human emotions; and it is natural that I should be anxious to know why you, who are a stranger to me, should take such an interest in my welfare."

"I have but served you as I would serve any suffering fellow," the old man replied.

"No, no," said Elroy, with a shake of the head. "That is not it. Not only did you single me out from a full crew, but you incur much risk. In fact, I think you run the same risk that hung over me while in the bailiff's hands. I am not much of a lawyer, but I fancy that, in rescuing me from the hands of the law, you committed a crime which might, upon conviction, work for you a serious result. Ah, my good, kind sir—there must have been something more than you have yet acknowledged."

Silverthorne arose and walked to the window; and that he was deeply agitated was evident from the tremor which shook his frame. In a little while, however, he returned, and laid his hand upon the youth's arm.

"Elroy Clifton," he said, in a tone scarcely raised above a whisper, "I have saved you from a dark doom; and I would serve you yet further. I have a reason for this which you know not, and which I can not now willing to reveal. I have saved John Dorwood because he has been your firm and true friend. You must remain here a few days, and then we can plan further for your safety. In the meantime I beg that you will trust me, and ask me no questions. Will you do this?"

Of course the youth could not refuse.

"I must go now," resumed Silverthorne, "and see that you have rude opportunities provided. You shall want for nothing while you are here."

With this the old man left the room, and both the smugglers gazed for some time upon the spot where he had last stood. Elroy was the first to break the silence.

"Who and what is that man?"

Dorwood did not seem to hear the question, for he continued to gaze steadily upon the vacated spot without making any reply.

"Dorwood!"

"Did you speak?"

"Yes. I asked you if you could tell me who or what that man is."

"Do you mean Silverthorne?"

"Of course."

"I can tell you nothing."

"But you think something. How do your thoughts run?"

"I cannot tell you, my boy. Don't ask me. He is a perfect enigma to me. I hope, and I must hope, that we shall, at some time, know him better."

"You know his story?"

"Yes."

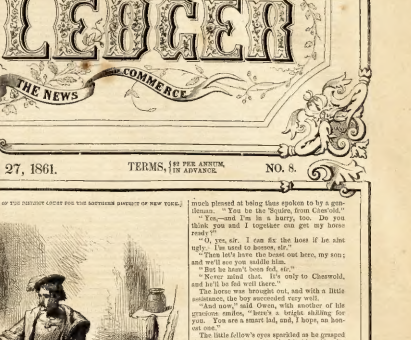
"Did you ever know him when he was a smuggler?"

"No. He passed from that stage before I entered upon it."

After this our hero sought the window again; and ere long Silverthorne came to conduct them to the spacious chamber which had been selected for their use.

In the meantime Roger Brentwood had been considerably exercised by the loss of two of his prisoners. He had observed Silverthorne before he reached Carnford, and had immediately sent back four of his men in pursuit. Upon reaching the latter place he made a halt, and sent off four more scouts; and, having provided for the lassing of pleasure, he pushed on to Lancaster where his remaining prisoners were safely lodged in jail. He then sought the chief of the police force, and having given a narrative of the circumstances, together with a description of the missing men, a detachment of detectives were sent forth, with instructions to scour the country in every direction.

At noon Owen Murdock arrived at Lancaster, and soon found the bailiff. He professed to have come on other business; but still, from mere curiosity, he would like to know how the mission against the smugglers had succeeded.



A PAIR OF VILLAINS.

"I have heard," he said, "that two of the number escaped. Is it so?"

"Yes," replied the bailiff, with an oath. "But we'll steal 'em if they're in the kingdom!" [illegible]

"You—I found 'em out. They were down on the books as John Dorwood and Elroy Clifton; and so I've advertised 'em. Dorwood was an old smuggler, and I am, and Clifton was a young one. But they haven't made a sure thing of it yet. There are sharp eyes out after 'em."

Owen Murdock had been somewhat moved when he heard the names of the escaped men called; but he managed to keep down his feelings, which he was enabled to do the more easily, as Brentwood was too much occupied with the thing more than to have yet acknowledged."

Silverthorne arose and walked to the window; and that he was deeply agitated was evident from the tremor which shook his frame. In a little while, however, he returned, and laid his hand upon the youth's arm.

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self to whom he was desirous of communicating his fancies. He muttered of Elroy Clifton as the lover of Ida, and, as that name fell upon his ear, he [illegible]

Just as the clock was striking nine, Owen stepped at the door of Farworth Hall, and was soon ushered into the presence of the Lady Lorinda.

"My dear child," he said, with a smile which he had been practising upon for the last half hour, "I find myself, at this late hour, under the shadow of your roof, and I have a mind to claim your hospitality for the night. I hope I do you hurrah."

If Lorinda had been a little disconcerted upon beholding Owen Murdock, she quickly recovered herself, and assured him that he was welcome.

He told her, after he had taken his seat, that he had been to Lancaster on business; and he mentioned, in a careless manner, as he sipped his wine, that a gang of smugglers had been apprehended, and were safely in prison.

Lorinda made but little reply to this, rather seeming as though the matter did not interest her particularly.

And then Owen went on to tell that it was Damora Burkol and his crew, who had been apprehended.

"And," he paused, "they will be speedily tried and condemned; for their crimes are many. The officers were very fortunate, as they succeeded in capturing the whole gang; and that is not all. Two of the number escaped."

Ah, Lorinda Verbrook was not schooled in deception, or she would have acted more like herself. She still continued to speak as though she took little interest in the matter. She even succeeded so far in controlling her feelings, that she did not even betray any startled emotions. She saw that Owen's eyes were upon her; or, at least, she thought they were, and she helped to lead him astray.

"Poor girl! She did not know how like a crystal she was, and how plainly Owen Murdock was reading the palaces of her heart. She did not know that she must entertain a most lively sympathy for Elroy Clifton? And did he not know that she must be aware of the fact that the escapes of Damora Burkol's crew involved the capture of young Clifton? And, furthermore, did he not know that, if she had acted herself, she would have been startled and terrified by such a piece of information? Certainly. Then what was the inference? Why—that she had not only heard of all this before; and that she knew that the youth was safe.

At all events, as reasoned Owen; and so well satisfied was he with this reasoning, that he deemed to push the matter no further at that time; and, after conversing a while upon other things, he signified his readiness to retire.

"I must be off early in the morning," he said; "and if I do not see you before I go, you must receive my kindest wishes for your future welfare."

When the mistress of Farworth was alone, she wondered if Owen Murdock suspected anything. She hoped not—she tried to make herself believe that he did not. And yet she was not sure. She wished that things had been different. She did not feel very well. Elroy Clifton was beneath her. No, no—her sorrow was in the presence of the dark-browed man from Cheswold.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PLOTTING.

The sun was just peeping over the distant hill of the "Barkcious" when Owen Murdock issued from the hall on the following morning. In the stable he found a small boy at work oiling out the fitter of the horses, the grooms not having yet made their appearance.

"You know me, my lad, don't you?" said Owen, with a gracious smile.

"Oh—yes, sir," replied the boy, evidently much pleased at being thus spoken to by a gentleman. "You're the 'Squire, from Cheswold."

"Yes,—and I'm in a hurry, too. Do you think you and I together can get my horse ready?"

"O, yes, sir. I can fix the hoss if let aint ugly. Do tend to hoorse, sir."

"Then let's have the beast out here, my son; and we'll see you saddle him.

"But he hasn't been fed, sir."

"Never mind that. It's only to Cheswold, and he'll be fed there."

The horse was brought out, and with a little clumsiness, the boy succeeded very well.

"And now," said Owen, with another of his gracious smiles, "here's a bright shilling for you. You are a smart lad, and, I hope, an honest one."

The little fellow's eyes sparkled as he grasped the silver, and he evidently felt himself quite rich, and the dignity, too, was well relished.

"When I come again, I'll have another shilling for you."

The boy seemed to see his shilling growing into a fortune.

Owen pretended to be fixing the girth, and while he did so, he carelessly remarked—

"I didn't know that there were wolves here when I came last night."

The boy stared at the speaker, but made no reply.

Then Owen went around upon the other side of his horse, and fixed something there.

"I was very glad to find the young man here. When did he arrive?"

"Who? What young man?" said the boy, staring more earnestly than before.

"I mean the one that came yesterday morning. He came very early, didn't he?"

"O—I know now, sir. You—he did come early. He came on foot, sir. There was two hrs of 'em come, and I guess more, but there wasn't only one of 'em stopped here."

"Did you see them?"

"No, sir. I didn't see them at stopped. I guess they was away in the house. But I saw two men just ridin' away down towards the river."

"Do you know," said Owen, speaking more to himself than to the boy, "I shouldn't wonder if one of those men was the very one I've been sorry to see. I hope I haven't missed him. He promised to be in Cheswold yesterday, and I thought I might catch him on the road. What kind of looking men they were?"

"Why, sir, only I couldn't tell you anything about, but the other one I thought was that old man that lives down by the river at Clinkwold. I was off in the garden when they started, but I got a sight on 'em as they was a goin', and I send the long white hair and beard."

"I'm a thousand times much obliged to you, my boy. That's the very man I wished to see. I shall find him at Cheswold. You have saved me quite a jaunt, and here's another shilling for you. You haven't seen the two men that stopped in the house?"

"Only at the window, sir. I send 'em at the window a little while yesterday," replied the boy, as he clutched the second bright piece of silver.

"An old man and a young man, eh?"

"Yes, sir; I'd guess they must be the ones that come, for I never send 'em afore."

The groom's make put aside. There—I guess the saddle will ride right now. Take care of yourself, my son, and be a good boy. I shall see you again one of these days."

With this Owen Murdock leaped into the saddle and rode away, and when he reached Cheswold he ask his breakfast, and then sent for his son to join him in the library. He did not matter nor ponder now, but his movements seemed to indicate that there was no longer any question upon his mind, or, at any rate, that he had formed a decided course of present action.

The door of the ante-room was closed and locked, as was the door of the library itself, and Owen Murdock and his son were alone together.

"Have you seen Silverthorne?" was the parent's first question.

"Yes, I have seen him," replied the son, briefly.

"Was he alone?"

"I did not see him when he came, but I suspect that Dorwood and Elroy were with him."

"Ah! Now I have it," cried Owen, with an exultant look, and a clinch of the hand; and he said now. The groom has furnished horses to Dorwood and Elroy, and the old man advised—"

"Then we must send him off."

"No,—no—that shouldn't answer. He is too old a man to be sent out, and too intimately connected with the institution. It would cause too much talk. But I'll tell you what we will do, Owen, him, and circumvent him. But, my boy, I have gained some important news, and if I am not greatly mistaken, we have good ground for rejoicing. The smugglers are not the only smugglers right before last. He captured them all, but two of them must have their pockets [illegible] beneath that roof."

"But," said Owen, speaking from the first thought that entered his mind, "what has Silverthorne to do with these two smugglers?"

"That isn't the question, my son."

"But it's a question with me, nevertheless. I should like to know what there is about it. There is some mysterious connection between this young Clifton and one officer, and this movement of the old boat-builder takes thence some importance."

"And if it does," said Owen, "we have not time to attend to it now. For the present we have to do with the relations between these smugglers and the Lady Lorinda. Do you not see that in this we have full reason for the consummation we have been aiming at? With the proof of this unlawful deed I can easily obtain guardianship over the girl."

"Well, governor, and what then? We se-

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complish nothing until she is my wife, and how will your guardianship effect that? It will be difficult, I ween, to compel her to marry me."

"Perhaps not," said Owen, quietly.

"Ah—you have some plan?"

"Yes, I have it all before me."

"Then disclose."

"Just think, my son, of the position in which we find the middle of this present time? Owen Leonard *forced*, with the night fore-finger resting upon his left palm, as though he had his plan all written down there. "Think of the story we can publish: That young outlaw once saved the Lady Lorinda's life, for which she was very grateful. After that he visited her, and, as he being a handsome youth, she fell desperately in love with him. When she knew that the smugglers were likely to be captured, she sent her servants, and had this young villain set free, and afterwards gave him shelter from the king's officers in her own house. Do you follow me?"

"Yes. Go on."

"Well, can I, as her guardian, allow her to remain under such influences?"

"Certainly not," said Gerald, who seemed to have an inkling of what was coming.

"Of course I cannot," resumed Owen. "The duty of guardian compels me to take some decisive step. I must remove her from the dangerous vicinity."

"Go on."

"I must remove her from the danger," and the finger rose and fell upon the palm with pointed emphasis. "I have it all here. Away up in Cumberland, upon the very borders of the way Firth, there is a place where she could be kept most safely. Within the walls of a certain building there she could be shut out from all the rest of the world. Where she was secure from here, her absence could be easily excused upon the grounds I have mentioned. And when she is once there, she is as completely as our self as were a child in the will of a parent. We can do as we please, and no earthly power can call us to account. We shall then possess your wife, living or dead. Do you comprehend it now?"

Gerald reached over and took his father's hand.

"Governor," he said, gently and caressingly, "I understand you, and I am ready for the work. Cheswold must be taken at once, and before if there be power on earth to accomplish it. He assured that I shall not fail to do honor of trial."

Owen Murdock arose and paced up and down the apartment for some time. His brow was more contracted than it had been before, and his thoughts were of the deepest kind. Several times he stopped, with his hands pressed anxiously together, and then resumed his walk, with his head bent lower down. At length he drew his chair close to the side of his son, and sat down.

"Gerald," he said, in a whisper, so low and hoarse that it made the young man start, "we are embarked upon a stern undertaking. If we fail, we go to the bottom. If we succeed, we rise to a proud stand. And, if we work together, we must succeed. But, my son, there is more against us than you dream of. At least, I have strong suspicion that you do not—and that is one of Silverthorne. Thanks is opposed to us I am very sure; but how much more we cannot tell you. He is an enigma to me, and I cannot understand him. Still, I think, with care, a peaceful solution might be worked. We might dispose of him as Alexander disposed of the Gordian knot."

"Alexander cut that knot with his sword," said Gerald.

"Exactly," returned Owen, looking his son steadily in the face.

"I understand," the young man added, with a nod, and a compression of the lips. "The old wretch has lived so long in it was appointed unto man to live."

"To speak the truth," resumed Owen, after a pause, "I am afraid of this man; still I have more of one of him, and note his movements, the more do I fear him. The very appearance of him keeps about him is in itself threatening; and the manner he is out of our way, the better it will be for us."

"Then," said Gerald, bringing his fist down upon his knee, "let us consider the matter settled. If we cannot contrive to remove him, we are both ruined."

"No."

"What else is there to?"

Owen Murdock gazed steadily into Gerald's face for some moments; and then, as if he had the same hoarse tone which had so startled his listener before:

"There is another whom we have to fear. It is possible that I am mistaken; but I do not believe it. We are to work together, and you must know all that I suspect. Don't ask me to explain anything at present, for I am afraid that all that has my hearing upon our case."

Murdock arose and went to the door, and then came back, drawing his chair nearer to his son than before. Then he looked around with his lips almost touched Gerald's ear, and whispered his secret he had let it out to no one before:

"Arundale!"

The junior Murdock sank back into his chair, and gazed into his son's face.

"By the powers of darkness and of death, there is something to be feared!"

"Aye, my boy; and we must do it. Are you ready?"

"Yes. The die is cast, and I will not falter!"

"Then," said Owen, after a long pause, "I have a mind to leave this last affair with you. If you can manage it as well as you did that will, all may come out right. I must go and see this chancellor to morrow; and while I am seeking the hold upon Lorinda Verbrook, could you not be bringing this to some satisfactory issue?"

Gerald thought awhile, and at length gave utterance to an exclamation of satisfaction.

"I think I have it," he said, with a look and tone of assurance. "As Lorinda there is a fellow who would serve our purposes. I know him well; and he knows that I know him. He has been a thrust for a crown, or rob a church. And he is a fellow of wit, too. By the nuns, he is our man. Under the circumstances I think it a third party is absolutely necessary. I could not work as Favorite. It would not be safe. And then this business should be done at once."

"If," replied Owen, with an approving inclination of the head, "you can depend upon this man, it would be better to employ him. For, as you say, there would be danger in your undertaking this work in person. But, remember how much is at stake. If the rascal should prove treacherous—"

"I'll lay my life upon his faithfulness," interrupted Gerald. "I can hold him; and I know that he will serve me, too. I have a mind to start at once."

"You had better wait until next evening. It is not over two hours' ride to Gurstang."

"You are right, governor. Till evening it is. And, in the meantime, who shall we do?"

"I shall start for Lancaster again, and have my documents of guardianship made out as soon as possible. I have the bonds all prepared, and I apprehend no trouble. A better plan than the one I am enabled now to put in could not have fallen to me."

The father and son spent some time longer in the library, arranging and systematizing their plans, and then they separated; the latter lounging off down by the river, to see if old Silverthorne was at his shop, while the former was ere long in his saddle again, remarking to the groom, as his horse was brought out, that he should not return that day.

Men high in station are usually high in power; and yet it often happens that such men are not always known. And it sometimes happens, too, that men who are called upon, by their high position, to extend help and succor to the needy, become the victims of oppressing those who need their aid for the benefit of some one entirely beyond the reach of want. And, furthermore, it has happened in the world's history, and may happen for ages to come, that men have held positions which were fit to hold them, and that deeds of most consummate wrong have been done under the guise of right.

And so happened it when Owen Murdock went to obtain letters of guardianship over the heiress of Faversch. He asserted that she had given shelter to outlaws, and offered to bring the proof. And he furthermore asserted that the girl had fallen in love with one of the smugglers, and might marry with him if someone else restrained and interposed. Upon this he presents the prayer of the petitioner was granted; and when Owen left Lancaster, the Lord Chancellor was clothed with full power over the person and property of Lorinda Verbrook. Of course he had promised to do all things justly and honestly by his charge, but who was to call him to account? Who was to listen when the fair maidens, and note his tortuous windings? Surely, they who kept the secrets of every human heart!

CHAPTER XXIV.

ANOTHER SPECTRE MIDNIGHT!

Within the limits of the castle of Cheswold, and close by the ruins of the old castle of Greenlodge, stood a wild-looking cot, or hut, half built of rude hill-side stone, and half thatched with straw, the latter, tangled growth of thorns and vines. Within this hovel lived Gerald Redmond. Some people said that Samms went down to the seashore, and caught fish, which he sold to support his sustenance. Others said that he had money hoarded in the ground, upon which he lived in his livelihood. Others, still, said that he was a wicked man, and that honest people should not ought not to do. However, there he lived, effectually baffling the curiosity of those who felt much interest in his affairs.

It was late in the evening—perhaps well into the night—and Samms McDowd sat in his hut, by an old pine table, examining a pack of worn cards, finished by a bottle and a pewter cup. He was a wretched-looking object, in his rags; with coarse, grizzled hair and beard; and bloated in a general appearance, and sodden. Though small of frame, he was by no means strong, or bearing a muscular development. He had been the best wrestler of that country, and few who knew him would even now have wished to get his strength in a contest with him. At best. Samms sat there by his table, engaged in shuffling the leaves of a pack of cards, and quietly ran caught the sound of a foolish whisper. He put by his cards, and listened; and presently there came a rap upon his door. A second, and a third rap followed, and then came a voice:

"Who's there?"

"Open, and you'll see," was the response from without.

"*Who's there?*" in a quick, stern tone.

"It's a friend. Let me in."

"I will neither let you in nor open my door. I keep an open house for them at night; so speak again. Who are you?"

"Are you alone?"

"I am alone. Now, if you work your way in."

There was a slight hesitation on the part of the man without; but he finally gave his name, and was at once admitted.

"I am glad to see you," he said, in a cheerful manner, as he refastened the door, and then sat down upon a rough bench. "I am fond o' company, so I'm choice of my guests, Gerald Redmond. You're welcome at any time."

Gerald nodded his head in token of recognizing the compliment, and then took something from his bosom which he placed upon the table.

"You are well, I hope," he said, after he had set down the cup.

"Yes," returned Samms.

"And your wife?"

"Of course; for I live by work."

"And your boy? Is he not with you?"

"Yes."

"Yes," said the grizzled man, with a keen sharp look into his visitor's face. "I was going to ask for my boy; and I am glad to have him for revenge, too, if necessary. I haven't the least doubt, but that you have got a boy that would peep a little more closely into my affairs, only because that there'd be a sharp knife to the way."

"At all events," returned Gerald, without seeming to take the least offence at what was thrown out, "there is no need of my peeping into your affairs. I have my own to look after now. If I hadn't known you, I shouldn't have sought you out because I needed you."

"There you have business," he said.

"Certainly. And when you know what it is, you will have more."

"Well," pursued the host, with his hands upon his knees, and his body bent forward, "I suppose we come to the point. What is the business?"

"It is a work of taking off. There are two men who are in my way, and the only two instances are such that I cannot handily get at them."

"I think I understand," said Samms, with a dreadful look. "There are too men whom you want killed; and you want me to do it for you. This was rather a plain way of stating the case; but, nevertheless, Gerald was forced to admit that it was correct. However, ere he explained further, he must have assurance that if he must would do the work.

"The work itself won't stand in the way," replied Samms. "If you can make it an object for me to do it, I will. But I can't be done—and that there's an end on't. Now explain."

"Are you acquainted with Damon Burhal's crew?"

"Somewhat."

"Do you know John Dorwood and Elroy Clifton?"

"I've seen 'em."

"Have you any particular friendship for them?"

"Not a bit."

"Well—they are the ones I would have put out of the way. Dorwood is the one that cut Hall—they are concealed there, having escaped from the officers; and if his work is done for him it must be done quickly, for they may not remain there long. You can conceive how much your way into the hill?"

"I guess so. With the face of mine clean shaved, I can work my way anywhere; but I must be paid for taking my board off."

Gerald had calculated to pay well; and the old rascal was soon made to understand that a fair harvest of golden sovereigns would be the reward of his labor. The basis of negotiation being thus fixed, it only remained to make arrangements for the consummation, which was done without much trouble. McDowd was ashy in want of money, and Gerald Murdock was deeply anxious to invest a round sum in blood. So McDowd agreed to furnish the latter, and Gerald promised to pay. A part of the price was paid down, and the rest was to be forthcoming when the deed was done.

Towards midnight Gerald Murdock was on his way back to Cheswold. Samms McDowd had put away his plated, and was looking after materials equally sturdy, but not quite so noisy.

* * *

Early in the morning one of the servants at Greenlodge found the door of Samms's hut open. A stoop of the bank porch. She was poorly clad, and her garments were covered with dust; and when she was spoken to she said that she was from Cumberland, and was looking for work. Her servants soon came, and the wayfarer was taken in to the kitchen and shelter and warmth.

"I am very tired. I walked all night long; and I have come a long way, too, for the night sink and die."

"Then you must have a bed, my good woman."

"Ah, if you can find in your house some dark, out-of-the-way corner where no one is in the way, as I should be pleased, I might rest, and gain strength, and be able to work and earn a word of gratitude."

Which the poor creature should have a place for repose, and a comfortable place at that. Her wants were supplied, and she was given some of her servants to assist the woman along, and when down the hill the wanderer went and, and that the bed was soft. The big objection of this room; but she was assured that there were no creatures, and was glad to be relieved of this

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

A YEAR APART

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

The tremulous sound of the maiden's breath,
The pleasant chatter of words unheard,
The mottled silk of a yellow bird
Leaping on the rustling thatch—
Above the roof of the red-wood boughs
Above the rose spring often
The sweet way thorn that does their bloom
Star like, on the waters gathered
All bring the summers back again,
The summer of one hundred and fifty-seven.
Were cold asleep, with the whispering grass
And the daisies on their bosoms.

Oh, never again the golden light
Of the May sunshine, falling
Into like; thro the twinkling woodland leaves,
While the weary voice was calling,
Will awaken out of their lonely rest
The kith and's quiet slumber,
With blue eyes lost to the rising morn.
Under the willow coppice.
'Twas such a day as this she died!
The river repeats golden,
They'sin dim sky went out, the distance,
Mysteried, night-hidden—

And Lillies said—"A crimson cloud
In passing o'er our dwelling
From the red East, to the sound of harps
On far-off crown unveiling!"
We know the darkling land to die,
And yet our hearts beat patient—
We even heard among the flowers
That she was gone to rest.
The tender day so restful, crept
Through down among the vine-leaves,
And passed with cool, blank, curious eyes,
As if to one her heart-griefs.

The wild beast knew the sunshine-land
Had lost its silver sleeping,
But the children in the south hill-side
Had loaded their scrip gleaning,
And sent mixed sound like the bird
Of our dear, dying Lily.
To hear the solemn words the said
About the "shadowy valley."
They were too small to understand
Much of the wondrous story,
How shining, white-robed Angels came
From the far basis of glory,

And take the tired children home.
They the star-gates of Heaven
Our Lily and how said and rose
Where the white clouds were risen!
A splendor like a rising sun
Within the room was shining;
It touched with royal light her head
And soft her's silken bathing;
Then passed it from the room, and we
Were in the daughter lying,
So still the weary of life and death
Had met its victory!

Wet bable Grave, the loneliest spot,
The brownest, sweetest river
Slipped with its silver feet under the door,
And it made full of clover
And some gathered on the wold
For "pale Child sister Lily"
She came, she said, to plait with flowers
The crown of their darling! " * * *
Ah! well, we made the sorrow grave,
And scattered the green flowers
And sees the lonely little bed
Was gay with crimson clover. * * *

When summer came again, with flowers
Rich in the honey dews,
We wept above's dying bed
For death's black bitterness!
A stand the sun might never gild
Went over double-freshing,
And soon could hear, if there were harp
Or music in the heavens,
We thought about two little graves,
Where the two sisters lay.
We said Death could's take away,
And not the Angels singing!
Darkly the shadows wait evening down
Where the clover cloth was lying—
Weirdly, wistfully fell the night,
On bable Grave's dying—
We made sure by the other grave
Our pad bowed with thickness;
No more the bird's harsh will sang
From their entwined bosoms.

THE SHOEMAKER OF SEVILLE.

A STORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

CHAPTER I.

In a wretched hovel in the city of Seville, were seated a woman, whose wrinkled countenance bore the legacy of misfortune than of years, and a youth, but just emerging from boyhood, busily at work upon a pair of shoes. The scanty furniture and humble dress of the habitation, devoid of sought in the shape of ornament, except a cross erected in black wood, and over the door for age, were tangible proofs of the utter destitution of the inmates.

"Gil," said the woman,

"What is it, mother?" replied the youth.

The former wiped her eyes, suffused with tears, and proceeded in a mournfully tone—

"To-day is our anniversary link! To-day three years ago, our home was not so poor, nor one of us so orphan. Alas! to-day Antonio Lopez sleeps in the cemetery of the poor, beside the despised Moor and the Jew; we were even deprived the consolation of giving him a decent burial."

"And thou," said the orphan, in a voice of stifled rage, "and thou are my father's eldest oldmonrel, and we living in want, whilst—"

"Whilst in murderer dwells in the fulness of plenty and of prosperity," added the mother, breaking in upon her son's speech. "He is a canon of the Cathedral, and the pious people of Seville flock his confessional; he enjoys the King's favor, and the nobles kneel to him—all pay their requests to the person accused of having taken the life either of a noble, nor a priest —he killed a poor orphan, a so-lowly—thy father!"

Gil sprang up, and seizing an old rusty dagger which lay near him, he went and sat down by his mother, saying—

"Mother, tell me hear all the particulars of that tragical event."

"And what good will it do? Grief is no consolation; tears cannot satisfy vengeance."

"True; but, tell to let me somewhat bleed, and bear fret itself!" replied the youth, with a grim smile.

The mother perceived the unsuling, and seeing in her son double, gave it a tender pressure.

"Three years ago," said she, "abundance reigned in the house of Pedro, the shoemaker; we were not rich; but overings of want and the heart-breakings of poverty were unknown to us. Thy father, skilled in his craft, worked night and day, to increase his earnings; and when we enjoyed that simple, unsoprising state of happiness, which is neither the fruit of idleness, nor of baseness. Meanwhile, Don Pedro came to the throne, and left in the regions of the deepest day. In Seville, there were two enraged factions roaring each other to pieces in the streets and the public square; but, unscarcity was our shield, and we were left unmolested. There was not a family more united, or more happy than that of the shoemaker, Perez."

The widow's countenance and become sensitized, as she dwelt upon the pleasing recollections; but, now it relapsed into its wonted expression of melancholy, and, casting her head upon the shoulder of her son, she continued:

"That period of happiness proved to be but of short duration. The Canon Don Henriquez accompanied the King, Don Pedro, to Seville; he was consulted by blood with the Albuquerques; he was a favorite of the King's; he was the assassin of Joquez de Calatrava, and bore all an illustrious family; he committed crime not with impunity. Don Henriquez had a despised wife, but this passed unnoticed, because he had sufficient power to keep gossip within bounds, and wealth wherewith to purchase the good graces of justice; he had, however, the misfortune of being hated, and even feared by his household servants. He heard of thy father as being very skillful in his trade, and sent for him. The consequence of this might succeed in concentring his deformity, he sent for him. Thy father did his best to please the Canon; but all in vain, the labor would not be pleased, and such was his rage on one occasion, that he flung the shoes at thy father's face, saying that for his want of aptitude, he deserved to be sent to the gallows. Although Perez was but a shoemaker, yet possessing as much self-respect as those of higher station, he ventured to say in reply, that nature had given a blind eye to his ecclesiastic back. Enraged to epilepsy, and giving a loose rein to his fury, Don Henriquez seized a staff which stood by, and struck thy father with a violent blow on the head, that he fell never more to rise. The consequences of this murder did not, however, cause him much disquietude, as he relied upon his influence for expulsion."

The sons of Perez gnashed his teeth and the muscles of his face moved convulsively. Sobs and tears drowned the utterances of his mother; but after a slight pause she proceeded with her narrative:

"How can I express the emotions that oppressed my heart, when my father's corpse was brought home? I had no sooner learnt the name of his murderer, than I resolved to avenge it; I hid hold of a dagger—this very one"—and she held her hand on the weapon covering, while he listened with her ear to every sound, while he listened to the story—"my design was to revenge the death of my husband; but I remembered that I was a mother, and thought there was a court, where justice would be done to the guilty, sufficient to carry its sentence into effect. I presented myself to the Canon, and answer myself on my knees, and with tears in my eyes, laid my pitiless case before him. He received me with a smile, and went humble entreaties I addressed to the judges, with what success I endeavored to make them to pity. The judges listened stonifyingly, promised me all that I asked, and dismissed me. Next day Don Henriquez was condemned—"

"To be quartered!" cried the youth, interrupting his mother.

"To be dismissed from assisting in the choir with the other members of the chapter during a whole year," continued the widow.

CHAPTER II.

It was Corpus Christi day; the people of Seville were collected in dense crowds in the vicinity of the cathedral, to witness the grand procession. The churches were adorned with all the grandeur which public piety, and wealth were elevated with flowers; in a word, the city, which was at other times dirty and dull, with the broils of the nobles and the savage despotism of the King, had assumed a most unusual appearance of gaiety and festivity. In the midst of the general air and bustle, there stood a solitary figure, on steps of the almoner, who seemed to take no interest in the splendor of the scene, but who was still young, but his sunken and wrinkled brow bespoke the ravages of the passions, and the thoughts and premature sorrow. On beholding the dejected state of this man, and the melancholy glance of his eye, the convulsive animosity of his gestures and the unceasing contraction of his features, the energy, of wildness and despondency, which discomposed his countenance, it was impossible to say that his mind was lacerated by the reference of his passions, and that the blood of his victim had been shed by the instrumentality of no ordinary nature. He remained there, in the most interesting as a slave pass his hand lowing back against one of the columns of the almoner.

The glimmer of twilight had gradually increased, and the illuminations and steeples, which stood in various directions near the almoner, were now shrouded in darkness. The young man awoke from his lethargy, arose, and, casting around a suspicious look, murmured to himself—

"Am I again doomed to disappointment?"

He had barely pronounced the words, when he heard a voice uttering an oath in a slave pass in the direction of the cathedral. The young man rushed forward, like the tiger from his prey, and while seizing him by the hands and throwing him violently on the ground, he exclaimed—

"Say, Don Henriquez!"

"No," answered the other, starting back and endeavoring to free himself from the iron grasp of his assailant.

"I am a poor orphan, a workman, one of the people, and you, a canon, the favorite of Monteros of the Cuen; but all is vain, the labor would not be pleased, and such was his rage on one occasion, that he flung the shoes at my

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1861.

THE CASH OF THE EQUITABLE AND UNPARALLELED CIRCULATION OF THE LEDGER, will pay more money for contributions than any other paper in the world. Its circulation is now over 400,000 copies, and is rapidly increasing. Hence it can afford to pay more for literary matter than any other publication in the country; and, as a legitimate result, we circulate a larger list than is contained in all the rest of the weeklies.

WE ALWAYS SEND the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the subscription will be paid, so that it will not be necessary for a subscriber to write to renew your subscription at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRIFLING ADDITIONS.—We respect no traveling agents, and will not recognize any claims they may make on us for a subscription.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his former, as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

ONE COPY THREE—Single copies, $3 per annum; two copies, $5. Four copies, $7; eight copies, $14. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1.50. The party who sends us $14 for a club of eight copies, (or, sent at the same time), will be entitled to a copy free. Terms, invariably in advance. Specimen numbers sent free. Subscriptions may begin with any number, and must invariably be sent in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The terms of the Ledger are the same the whole year. When a club is made out, commencing to send, it will be continued, as it will proceed the possibility of the list of money by mail. Age—We employ no traveling agents.

"MODERN IMPROVEMENTS."

THE Present is somewhat given to crowing over the Past, and certainly the achievements of Modern Discovery and Invention may excuse a little generosity on the part of the Nineteenth Century. Yet it is no less true that in many things we are mere imitators of the ancients. In sculpture and architecture the best we can do is to copy, very imperfectly, their immortal models. We boast of our military tactics and training, yet the greatest of modern warriors planned his campaigns after those of Alexander and Cæsar, and it appears from authentic history that by Gibbon that at the dawn of the Christian era exercises identical with those practised by the French "Zouaves" were more thoroughly taught to every Roman camp than they are in France to-day.

Mechanical roads are generally considered a modern invention. The first time was constructed in England, some dozen or fifteen years ago, was the wonder of Europe. Nevertheless, much finer roads, built on the same plan, existed in all parts of the Roman Empire in the third century. In fact, these roads, the foundation of which consisted of "several strata of sand, gravel, and cement," overlaid with broken stone, diverged in every direction from the forum of the Eternal City, and terminated only on the frontiers of the empire. Our line of communication extended some four thousand miles, stretched in every direction from the "national road" somewhat into the inside, and which will be finished on the Pacific side of the Pacific Railroad, should it ever be built. Moreover, these Roman roads were all furnished with mile-stones, and their solidity is attested by the fact that, after a lapse of sixteen centuries, many of them are better roads to travel than many American turnpikes. Again, Post Routes are usually spoken of as a "modern improvement," dating from the seventeenth century in Europe and the eighteenth here, and yet they traversed all parts of the Roman Empire more than sixteen hundred years ago, and public despatch-riders, constantly "in the earliest intelligence," scoured over them on relays of fast horses at the rate of from one hundred to one hundred and thirty miles a day! Noble baths, grand Theatres, the wonders of the magnificent aqueducts, were free to the meanest Roman citizen. We wonderingly admire improved much upon their idea. In chivalrous devotion to the sacredness of woman, the cavaliers of the nineteenth century claim to be far in advance of the "semi-barbarous ages." But in the reign of Tiberius, Roman senators walked in the middle of the public streets, escorted by their togas in the dust, in order that the ladies of Rome might enjoy undisturbed the magnificent side-walks, which, by the way, the honest holders on every thoroughfare were compelled by law to keep clean and in good repair for their accommodation. The steam apparatus was much better managed in the Imperial city, as far as we know, than it is in New York at present.

Even modern advertising is not entirely new to be "cracked up" to be. Roman business enterprise was wide awake in the fourth century. Pictorial placards, and written handbills, the letters of which were a relief (!) above the paper announced the first appearances and wonderful performances of gladiators, theatrical racers, players, singers, gymnasts, wild beasts, &c., and enormous sign boards invited custom to hot tonsors and workshops. Sometimes the entire outside of a temple of amusement was covered with bright-colored paintings.

The idea of matrimonial advertising, too, seems to have been of classic origin, for it is said that Pisto—the friend of Horace and philosophers whom one would suspect of playing the go-between—regularly kept a record of almanac of agencies for marriage, by means of which the qualities of each candidate for matrimony might be made known, and men thus have a choice chance of procuring wives according to their various characters." It appears that the old ordinary did not deem the choices of the women into consideration at all, but acted upon them in the light of a general assortment of household chattels, from which each "lord of creation" had a right to select the article that best suited his taste. What gives the proof at least that no "woman's-rights party" was extant in his day, otherwise he sure one, for his sake, have uttered it. Modern marriages have been improved on by Pisto's ideas. They give the sense an equal chance, but it is believed that the *property* of candidates, as to "qualities," is the main point of inquiry with those who favor these principles of Hymen with their presence.

Having now given our deceased friends, the ancients, credit for everything as in some respects, and surpassing us in a few others, it may be as well to say that we can afford to be generous to them. The modern world has shot so far ahead of the ancients in the great essentials of life—in all that ministers to the comfort, happiness, and general well-being of the human race—that we can view the trumpet of antiquity without decrypting from modern desert. An up to date man travels by steam, and rides in wishes, hopes, fears, and commands by lightning, ought to be magnanimous to a dead past that knew not of these things.

—In response to many inquiries from our readers as to when we will commence publishing another story by MRS. SOUTHWORTH or MRS. RITCHIE, it gives us pleasure to be able to state that each of those distinguished and popular authoresses is now engaged in writing a story; and we expect to announce their publication very soon.

TRUE WIVES.

History—all history—glows with the self-sacrificing devotion of true wives. The annals of the old Indian wars, in New England, Virginia, and on the "Dark and Bloody Ground" of Kentucky, are thickly set with chronicled episodes of which they were the heroines. The frontier wife and mother of the days of Boone and Daviess was her husband's efficient ally in every dangerous exigency, and could command the domestic garrison in his absence with as ability and courage almost equal to his own. But womanly bravery and fortitude, born of womanly love, are not confined to any particular age or country or race. There is no need to go into remote times for instances of wives. In the time of the first Napoleon, Madame Lavalette planned the escape of her husband, and took his place in prison with the composure of Marie Antoinette; and in later days Madame Kinkel, whose husband visited this country some years ago, and preached a fiery crusade against monarchy, did nearly the same thing in Prussia in 1848. The Countess Confalonieri, in her despondency over the fate of her husband's release from the horrible penetentiaries of the Austrian Empire of Austria, lost her reason and her life; and only a few years ago, Mrs. Patrick, the wife of a sea captain of this city, navigated her sick husband's ship for thousands of miles—steering and commanding with her own tender assistship—and finally brought it safely into port. Many a wife, in the seclusion of a pleasant home, who sought to create a manly son, has found her self-appointed task the result of an equally exalted character occur to us; but we have said enough to prove that every contemporary history as well as the records of the past.

There may, however, thousands of true wives of whom the world at large never hears—retired watchers and weepers, whose simple duties of comfort and consolation are unceasing, whose unobtrusive devotion and unselfish patience and forgiving hearts no amount of outrage can steel against the impulses of love. In fact, these hundreds of such women are hiding their sorrows in the depths of their own souls, and their pale cheeks and hearty eyes were a shame to the cruelty of the husbands who caused the tears, and to whom they cling in despite of neglect and the most unmanly treatment. Many a wife in this city, hundreds of martyr wives will be numbered in the day of final judgment, and will come home reeking with the fumes of distilled lightning, and, in the midst of her pain for devotion so undeserved, or one thought of the unworthiness of the husband, will pray for which they are the cause. Every year which chronicles the death of gentle, wifely hearts records to man's selfishness. They bear and forgive, and cover up their faults, and weep in secret. History tells not of these silent, pleasant lives. But they would not that it should, for its truths would be a reproach to those for whom it "can wisely but too well."

The lesson that follow to the graves the victims of their neglect or misconduct, think of the "unrequited love" that is carved on many on the coffin-lid? Perhaps they do; but the world at large never sees it, and it is well that it value. Men with true wives, whose springs of life are in their own homes, are generally the most flattering victims to your fashionable flirt, and the happiest husbands and fathers.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!! BARGAINS!!!

Ere thought a bargain, and a bargain sold at a bargain. The serpent probably told her it was a rare chance, and Eve believed it. We have known Adam to be taken in and done for by "unparalleled bargains" in ready-made clothing—fancy goods stores, with equal facility. Probably the unsophisticated denizens of the plains of Babylonia put small-sum-and-no-end rupplie held the same sway in the best possible light, and the first clerks at Mr. Sound-do's establishment display their wit by "selling off" to sell at a "tremendous sacrifice." In making her purchases Eve probably "went on" like a lady, regardless of interests, and the manner in which she plunged into the mysteries of millinery and drapery was by no means creditable to the "first lady in the land." Still, the thought she had a glorious bargain; and prices then and now are the same good even there. Mutton of the dealer who advertises his tenderloin at the best of the land, "to be had for a fetch your lady, then hunting her." It is the same prospect, by all over, and no one who reads with sense of the shrewdest daughters of Eve just as well as it did with the most highly salaried original mother. The cheapest article in the market is generally not even a reputation to lose, that depend upon a good and honest deal of the man upon a rush, and that never deal in dummy" at half price.

BEGIN TO SAVE.

Nothing is more certain than that when a man begins to save he finds that his means constantly grows with the growth of his savings. The "nest-egg" is the most fruitful thing in the economic maze, the self-denial necessary to enable a person to commence it is the most profitable one it knows every day, until at length the thrifty man knows better than to waste money, and the contemplation of his increasing store, then ever his appropriation of interest, is one of many to justify his nature or pamper his appetite. In this way pride, or, if anything, is a very powerful stimulant, and is dignified in the eyes of his prudential self-sacrifice. According to the old proverb, the commencement of saving is the most proportion of those who open accounts with savings-banks, and invest in other ways, require severe hardships and privations rather than what they have desired.

Let it be understood, then, that any young man, who starts in life by the aim of one of these boys—or, by the sneak of brain, and has sufficient determination not to fool his money away, will soon a few dollars for a beginning, is almost sure to find that very soon he is independent of future comforts and competence. The first success affords the best kind of a raise to a man naturally lead to a second, and the sequence will be quite apt to follow, especially if he has the confidence provision against the exigencies of misfortune or the wants of age.

SUBSCRIBE FOR O. PAYNE CO., Tenn.

R. BENNER, Esq.—Dear Sir: Inclosed find the amount of your paper for five years. It has become a welcome visitor to my family, and especially to myself, since I came from New York. I am sorry of my friends here send money, and never heard of it afterwards, particularly in Virginia. It is invariably lost. Now the time of my subscription to your paper will be out in a few weeks. *Try paper I would have.* Write me that I may be sure of it, and you will have your next LEDGER, and oblige your friend,

M. C. E.

Of the immense amount of money forwarded to us by mail, the per centage of loss is so small as to amount, in a whole year, to nothing to speak of. Put your money in a good envelope, write the direction plainly, and it is sure to reach us.

DAINTY CHILDREN.

It was an oppressed family maxim twenty or thirty years ago—and the idea is not yet entirely obsolete—that "dainty children" must have their dainties disciplined out of them. Little Miss romance with an invincible dislike to fat, were conscientiously told that "fat and lean grow together," and were cruelly compelled to swallow the greasy morsels put upon their plates, in spite of their fearful remonstrances and absolute shudders or abhorrence. Vigorous men with almost carnivorous appetites, were examined the right of choice in their eating and drinking, with a view of humiliating their fastidious wives; and of a tender age, whose palates and stomachs were held to be unworthy. If the pale little victim of distaste tyranny did not eat what was set before him at one meal, it was "put by" for the next, and the system of "saving by" was sedulously followed up, until the "dainty" culprit was starved into obedience. This ingenious method of "training the youthful appetite," is dying out of fashion we trust; but it is still in vogue with many domestic disciplinarians of the old school, and certainly as a device for making childhood miserable, and laying the foundation of the basis for a high nervous system of morbid sensibility in the treatment of the rising generation. The Chinese did not eat what was set before them as

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

OPEN SECRETS.

BY ALICE CARY.

The truth lies round about us, all
Too clearly to be sought—
So open to our vision that
The hidden to our thought.

We know not what the glories
Of the grass, the flower, may be,
We needs must struggle for the sight
Of what we always see.

Waiting for storms and whirlwinds,
And to hear a sign appear,
We deem not that the rustling in
The still small wind we hear.

Enough is second, blind leaders of
The blind, though life we go,
And do not know the things we see,
Nor see the things we know.

Simple and individual,
We pass from change to change,
Familiar with the strangest things,
And with familiar, strange.

We make the light through which we see
The light, and make the dark—
To hear the low lark sing, we must be
At heaven's gate with the lark.

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "ONE MAGNIFICENT MISTAKE," "MISSIONS OF OUR HOUSES," "SELF-BRANDED," "THE VAN VALDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Simon Blunt fulfilled his agreement to cause a vigilant watch of Hilde Herbert to be maintained, and to learn what disposition of him was made, or was contemplated by his friends.

On the day of Rook's arrival in town, he had was still at Mrs. Gale's house, but it was expected that he would remain there only one day longer, as Mrs. Binney had obtained and moved into her new quarters, and would be ready, she said, to take him home with her the next afternoon.

All this the lawyer learned from a detective whom he had employed, and whose business for several days was limited to espionage of this little boy and his unsuspecting friends. He was still on the same quest, and Blunt knew that he could depend upon his promptly reporting any change or prospect of change in the position of affairs.

Rook entered with much zeal into the service of his friends. He saw no difficulty in carrying out their plans: it was quite a trifle, he said, compared to the other job, and could be very easily put through. It was just a matter of business to believe what was related to him of the child's history, and he either did so, or maintained a very good semblance of belief.

"The boy's name is Woldover, you say," he said to his late partner, with whom the details of the transaction were to be arranged, and who had given him an outline of what was to be done, and the pretended reasons for doing it.

"Yes—Edward Woldover."

"And he has neither father nor mother?"

"He has neither living, he is believed. He is a vagrant, and probably the son of a vagrant. These days are so was a vagrant, and such he must again become if we do not do something for him."

"Yes, of course," replied the other, musing. "Strangers there should be such a responsibility as Mrs. Sibley's son."

"It is not so very striking, but the trouble is that Miss Sibley, who has never ceased to mourn for her brother, is bewitched with the belief that this is he, and she has found an old woman to corroborate her story—old Nurse Mrs. Binney with whom he is going to stay."

"Oh, you old women will believe anything."

"And you see how the thing might lead to trouble—what anything could be more natural?"

"Of course not."

"But with Mrs. Sawyer Lynde, who is starting for want of business, to take it in hand——"

"Oh, you; I see."

"Yes—you are a professional man, Mr. Rook, and you know very well how much can be made out of such little things when there is a business estate to be peeked at, and to be held up as the prize which is to reward action."

"I know—I know."

"Money, unfortunately, can do most anything in this world," added Blunt, with a virtuous air; "lawyers, witnesses, even courts and juries can be affected by it."

Rook looked grave, and said it was too true.

"So you see," added Simon, "partly for these reasons, yet really more, for more out of charity to the poor boy, and to give him a good home, we have decided upon this course. Mrs. Sawyer Lynde is a kind soul, is willing to make a very liberal yearly allowance for his maintenance, besides the house I spoke of."

"Precisely—I have reason to know that she is a generous lady, and you are very fortunate in having such a sister-in-law and such a client."

Simon thought he was.

Rook moved at intervals during his conversation, and seemed somewhat absent-minded. He knew that his friends depended upon his ingenuity for a plan to get quickly and promptly possession of the boy, and the means were yet to be decided on.

"You know the residence of this Mrs. Binney?" he said.

"Yes, exactly; she lives in —— street, where she has long moved; I have been there and seen the rooms."

"It is a good location for our purpose. To-morrow, you say, she is to take this boy, Edward, home with her?"

"To-morrow afternoon."

"Yes—very well. She will keep him about four hours. Riley will go out in the night train with me."

Rook spoke so confidently that Mr. Blunt felt, as though the thing was done. Yet he ventured to inquire on the other's plans.

"Nothing easier," said his friend. "I shall have only a woman to deal with. I can be further, if necessary, who has just heard of his being found, and has come to take him home. Mrs. Binney doubts, there in my card, with my address on the city, where she can call next day and satisfy herself, or if she is so unreasonable as to doubt still, I will have to take him in my carriage to see that it is all right, and to see the meeting between the boy and his mother. Trust me for getting rid of her before reaching the depot."

Blunt laughed and said "very good."

"I only speak of this as one way; I have not decided on it. Perhaps I shall be a messenger from that Mrs. Woldover, who wants to see him very much about some property which her husband left him. And Mrs. Binney can accompany us there, all parties to come right back in an hour or two."

"Better yet; but I don't exactly see how you are to get rid of the woman."

"Pshaw! I'm Wesley at Mrs. Woldover's, sir, or my house, whatever I please to call it——"

"Yes——"

"And the driver, who has his cue, jumps down and hands the lady out first."

"Yes."

"Then he shuts the door—I hold it from the inside—he jumps on to his box, and drives off to the depot."

"But if——"

"No, no! no more 'buts' and 'ifs.' I don't say I'll do it in one of these ways, but I'll do it. I may think of something better."

"I was only going to say——"

"Well, don't say it."

"That she might still refuse to go, or to let him go."

"I will be prepared for that, too. I shall not go alone, and my companion, if necessary, is an officer with process. Body is charged with crime. He must go. Just leave it all to me, and never fear the result."

Blunt was at last satisfied, and was content to await results patiently, for he thought that even though his friend should prove to have been over confident, and should fail in his first attempts, some other and subsequent one must prove successful.

Evelyn, meanwhile, was not indifferent. That going to see Herbert at Mrs. Gale's. Mr. Blunt had requested that she might not be, for, as we have seen, he knew the plan which she and Aunt Ally had adopted in regard to a home for the boy, and he wished it carried out.

She might even happen to meet Mr. Lyde there, but that was not now important. Everything was considered as subservient to the main business of obtaining quiet possession of the boy.

"We must circumvent the plotters," said Mrs. Stanley.

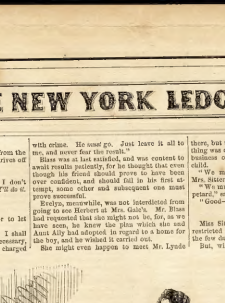
"We must hoist the engineer with his own petard," said Blunt.

"Good—so we will," said Rook.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Miss Stanley fully availed herself of her unrestricted privilege of visiting Herbert during the five days that he remained at Mrs. Gale's.

But, with instinctive delicacy, she had so



UNEXPECTED BUT WELCOME VISITORS.

timed her calls, as to be little liable to meet Seth, of whose accustomed business hours she had some general knowledge. She did not go there in the evening, precisely because she knew that Mr. Lynde had spent part of an evening there, conversing with the child, and it seemed probable to her that he might do so again. Having committed what to some readers a grave error in taking Herbert to a relative of her own, she desired to avoid the same danger to repair her fault by not meeting the young gentleman there.

Seth, who knew that she visited Herbert frequently, thought it strange that he should always miss her; but when he spoke to Mrs. Gale about it, she told him plainly that Miss Stanley intentionally avoided meeting him, and that she had requested her to do so, in order that for the first day that she was there with her brother.

The good lady sighed and looked grave as she said this; but Seth laughed, and said it was all right. He knew Evelyn and her modest ways, he said, but he would see her there yet.

He was, indeed, a little hurt at what he fancied delicacy on her part, but he had no idea that she had any other motive than that which she had expressed to him, and which he thought a very good one.

Evelyn, on the other hand, knew that he had a higher motive than that which he had given her to be so greatly deceived, and yet it seems equally impossible that a mother should not know her child, or, knowing, should deny him."

"It is true. I have thought a great deal about it. It is a mystery, whichever way you look at it. She could not discern that child if she knew it to be hers. It is not in human nature. Seth, she must believe what she says."

"That is what troubles me. Evelyn is at least as likely to be nihilism as she. But I have not seen her yet since the boy was found. Perhaps she will convince me."

About the middle of the afternoon Miss Stanley came to make her parting visit to her brother, whom she did not expect to see again for several days. She was to remain with him until Aunt Ally called for him about two hours later; but she came very near making a mistake when the cousin sight of a gentleman's hat in the hall, for she could not pretend to doubt the very pressing claim that he made.

But Evelyn did not retreat, although it was with a most unwelcome presentiment that she bowed Mrs. Gale into the parlor, where Seth, with an air of fussy dignity, advanced quickly to meet her.

The lady's face expressed his boundless joy at the wonderful event which had restored to her Miss Evelyn's brother, and mingled with it grief at the equally extraordinary circumstances which were connected with it. Seth's share of pleasure it had produced.

Evelyn received the exhibition of emotion, which an attempt to answer this sympathetic greeting must have occasioned, with the most distant politeness. Herbert, who had been watching for her from an upper window, ran down to meet her, and was then taken charge of and to receive her accustomed embrace.

"I am glad to see you, Seth," Mrs. Gale, after watching, with moist eyes, the meeting between brother and sister. "I am glad it takes place every time she comes."

Mr. Seth had any remaining scepticism, it was soon dispelled when Evelyn had recovered sufficiently to converse with calmness. He became, indeed, in a little while quite as reserved as Miss Stanley herself, that the boy before him was really Herbert Harlow.

When another of the party had arrived, without further hesitation, the subject of instituting legal proceedings to obtain possession of the child was introduced.

Evelyn was quite frightened at this idea, but she had not listened long to Seth, before she was convinced that it was her duty to consent to such steps, if milder measures could not prevail in the end.

It was a case of great importance, Seth said, and there was no consideration of money to be cast counted. But as great lawyers required great fees, Mr. Stanley's friend, Lynde, would be glad, he would gladly assume the management of the case. He was personally known to Mr. Lynde, and he believed he should be able to engage the assistance of a distinguished advocate, who was his personal friend.

The young lady sighed at the idea of her having any control of the matter, but replied that she would consent to the course that was recommended by Mr. Lynde's management, provided, as she had before said, that no suit should be commenced until all preliminary means for an adjustment of the affair had been exhausted.

It would be a matter of fact whether Evelyn's terror or Seth's joy was most extreme when this conclusion was arrived at. Seth was already living a law-suit against Mrs. Sibley, and virtually against her father, who was still a ward of the young lady, she felt almost as if she had been guilty of a criminal rebellion, to which the Mosaic law affixed the penalty of death. But a sense of duty influenced her in the decision she had received on, which she knew must be pursued at the sacrifice of what little peace of mind yet remained to her, and perhaps with no weighing benefit to Herbert.

But Seth! He was to have a suit at last—and such a suit! He would be the envy of half the profession, at least of that half who did not know that he was to work without pay. But the novelty of the case, the magnitude of the interests involved, the distinguished character of one of the litigants, would be such as to attract general attention, and to afford for himself (if he possessed half the talent which he fondly believed), an opportunity for a most brilliant opening to his professional career! How his heart bounded at the thought! He time for achieving distinction had at last arrived! He had waited long and patiently, and not idly. He had studied and delved into countless occult branches of jurisprudence; he had stored his mind with musty knowledge which he had feared would never be available to him; he had learned the law for its own sake, and the graces of elocution, and how to touch with kindling sympathy the springs of that most mysterious of all instruments, the human heart—and now—and now came a golden, the glorious opportunity to apply these varied acquirements, and to win for himself the most proud fee to gross and palatial spoil.

But if thus, artist-like, the young lawyer looked enthusiastically upon the means of gratifying a high and honorable ambition, he had also a nobler sentiment underlying all this, and prompting him, with still more force, to the most earnest and effective action.

The beautiful Evelyn was wronged, and it was his province, like that of some chivalrous knight errant, to redress her grievance. Immured childhood was to be protected and restored to her usurped rights. Gilded vice was to be exposed and punished, and what wonder if he, who loved to accomplish all this, felt that his was a high and honorable mission, worthy of the best powers which Heaven has vouchsafed to man.

The young lawyer was not his friend discussed, at much length, the weighty business which they had in hand, and which he knew, also, was to be the amicable overture with were to be made to Mrs. Sibley, before seeking to place their little friend behind the protecting egis of the Law.

The first difficulty which arose was to be with Mr. Lynde of the insinuations which had been made to him and herself, as conspirators to establish the claim of a false heir to the estate, and to withdraw her from those charges which were so distinctly and openly made, and that her acquaintance in bringing Herbert to the house of a relative of Mr. Lynde would give color to it, Miss Stanley prepared for such an objection. Seth replied, "and for every effort to keep silence on such a topic upon our movements. But we cannot for this!"

"No; but are you sure that my father cannot compel you to force from this suit?"

"Certainly. It is not your suit. Is Herbert's and my lawyer must act for his right to prosecute it without consent of yours. I might have done it, I might even do it now, against your will, although of course I would not."

"Oh, very well; I am glad to hear that, for if father had power by any means to compel me to withdraw it, I am sure he would do so."

While they conversed, Mrs. Binney, beaming with delight at the prospect of soon possessing the beloved Herbert, arrived, on her way to her own quarters, and she had but went at once to the preparations to accompany her, Aunt Ally cheerfully tendering her assistance in a general way readily.

While this was doing, Seth inquired of Miss Stanley some particulars about the boy's new home, and he was somewhat taken by surprise to find that he to be a tenement house, although one of the better class, and in a street, which although not fashionable, was respectable poor people, and a considerable element of vice and roughism to the neighborhood.

"The heir of the Harlows should be better lodged," he said.

"There is no other place," Evelyn replied, "and Mrs. Binney, who begged hard for the privilege of taking the child, has moved to these rooms, which she had prepared, I believe, for that express purpose."

"It would be cruel to disappoint her then, and doubtless, with such a friend, he will be well taken care of for the present, Miss Stanley."

"I am sure he will," said Evelyn.

"And yet," added Lynde thoughtfully, "it seems to me, we ought to guard against——"

"Yes," Evelyn said, "I believe that we really do not like to say it, Mr. Lynde, but you will see that the claim which we are about to make in behalf of this child is very large."

"Yes."

"Very large," repeated Seth emphatically, "involving more than a million of dollars besides some questions of humanity."

"Yes."

"I do not like to insinuate serious suspicions; but a lawyer looks at such things with a business eye; and if any thing should happen to Herbert, and I had failed to give prudential counsels, I should be grossly to blame."

"What do you mean, Mr. Lynde?"

"I mean that those who deny this boy his rights, may possible—possibly I say—seek to put him beyond the power of asserting them."

Evelyn turned very pale, and replied quickly:

"It is impossible! No, there are bounds even to crime; and a mother could not contemplate such a thing. But if it were otherwise, what safety is there in any home for the child, if not in one where he will be so tenderly loved and so carefully watched."

"There can at least be no immediate danger in the Binney rooms," as no legal claim has yet been set up in his behalf, and Mrs. Sibley and her friends, I presume, do not yet know either that he is to reside with Mrs. Binney, or where her abode is."

"No, they know nothing about her."

"If on reflection I should consider it prudent to have him better guarded, perhaps I can make arrangements for his coming, within a few days, into my father's family—you would not object to this?"

Evelyn with diffidence gave the expected answer to this appeal, for she thought of the pleading face, and the tearful eyes of the lonely widow.

"I shall really need to converse a great deal with him, if he becomes my client, and it will be every way best to have him under my own roof. Under the promptings of frequent questionings, he may remember many things which will lead to the discovery of important testimony, which might otherwise never be obtained."

"Yes, yes—but pray do not speak of it before her," said Evelyn, hastily, as Aunt Ally and Herbert reappeared, arrayed for their departure. "I am sure, dear, you will not be disappointed."

"Let her, at least, have her happiness undisturbed now."

Mrs. Binney was laden with a moderate-sized bundle of Herbert's apparel, which she cheerfully undertook to carry, while the lad himself bore a very small package.

Seth proposed to get a carriage, but Aunt Ally would not hear of such a thing.

"It is not half my usual walk," she said, "and the boy is strong. Herbert will enjoy walking and looking in the shop windows as we go along. Come, my dear, and your friends good-bye."

Evelyn restrained her starting tears as she kissed him another time, gave him some parting admonitions, and Mrs. Gale, who looked quite the saddest of the party, having shed bitter bad and enacted a promise of frequent visits, they were permitted to depart.

Evelyn stood tearfully after them, and impressed by Mr. Lynde's professional counsels, she felt the strong reluctance to call them back. She went to the door hesitatingly and ashamed of her weakness, but the hasty impression which beamed on Aunt Ally's face as she looked around, on hearing the door unclosed, saved her. *She could not* disappoint her now, and she was sure it would not be necessary. Seth felt did not apprehend any immediate danger.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Herbert's departure had been regretted by other eyes than those of his friends.

Mr. Lynde missed the child's face, half a block distant from Mrs. Gale's, a man lounged upon the steps of a dwelling, a newspaper and smoking a cigar, and apparently whiling away his time. Here apparently he had quite the air of a resident of the house, a part of which he had let to numerous lodgers unsurprised, yet it may be safe to say he was an entire stranger to its tenants.

He must have exhausted his paper about the time that Mrs. Binney and Herbert emerged, for, finishing deliberately the article at his hand, he pocketed the slips and scrutinized down the street a dozen rods behind the unsuspecting woman.

Keeping at about this distance, and always on the opposite of the way from his query, the man followed Mrs. Binney and her party for half a dozen streets, until he saw her enter her own house, when he crossed the avenue and looking at it, he turned into another street. He had seen the lodgers enter the tenement house, for he was already well acquainted with almost every part of it, which contained but the two rooms which Aunt Ally had taken, which he had also carefully explored after she engaged and before she moved into them.

He had not proceeded far when he encountered Simon Blunt, who went to the house which the man had left, and reported to him what he had seen, and what he had learned.

"Then the plotters have failed," said Blunt, musing, "and the boy is not to be taken to Mrs. Gale's house. Well, I am glad of it. I don't like the place, and I don't like the people. Riley is charged with crime, and I must go with you, and I will be ready in a few minutes. Wait for me at the corner."

The detective left the office, and Blunt, after a few moments' reflection, went to the door, and called a cab.

"Where to, sir?" asked the driver.

"Mrs. Gale's house, in ——th street."

"Yes, sir."

"Stop at the corner of ——th street, and wait for me."

"Yes, sir."

The cab was driven to the corner, and Blunt, after a few minutes' delay, joined the detective, who was waiting for him.

"Now, Riley," he said, "I am ready for business. Have you any thing to report?"

"Nothing, sir, but what I have told you."

"Then you have seen nothing of Rook?"

"Not a sight of him, sir."

"Very well; I suppose he will be here soon. Let us wait for him."

They walked up the street, and Blunt, who had been at Mrs. Gale's, knew that Rook had not been there, and that he had not been seen by any of the family.

"Perhaps he has been watching the house, and has followed Mrs. Binney and the boy," he said.

"Perhaps he has, sir," replied the detective.

"Or perhaps he has not come at all. Perhaps he has changed his mind, and has left the city. Perhaps he has met with an accident. Perhaps he has been arrested. Perhaps he has been murdered. Perhaps he has committed murder himself. Perhaps he has gone to Europe. Perhaps he has gone to the devil. Perhaps he has gone to——"

"Yes, sir," said the detective, with a grin, as Blunt paused for breath.

"

half-past nine, when she finally turned her steps homeward.

Herbert, laden with a few small packages, walked at her side, chatting freely, and they had nearly reached the tenement house, when a carriage drove rapidly past them and stopped in front of one of the entrances to the building.

As the inhabitants of that Tenement Row did not usually ride to carriages, the incident naturally attracted the attention and excited the curiosity of Mr. Binney, who had not noticed, in the first instance, that the door before which the vehicle stopped was the one which his man enter to reach her own apartments.

She saw this as she came nearer, and not without greatly increased interest, for the thought of Herbert's rich relations having come to accorrect to her, and also feared they might have re-incited and sent for him.

It was a fear rather than a hope, for although she would have rejoiced at it for the child's sake, and for Evelyn's, she would have felt her own bereavement sorely—but however it might be, she thought with a sense of relief that at least it was not her duty to surrender the child to any one but Mrs. Binney, from whom she had received him.

Aunt Judy walked very slowly, closely watching the carriage, and when she saw two men alighting from it, she stepped quickly into the doorway of one of the other halls which led through the large building, and both Herbert kept quite still.

Her first impulse to take another shape; she thought it a strange how to need for the child, and there seemed to her a superficial of messengers for a peaceful errand; she would at least wait and learn who she could and the nature of the visit before she advanced further. The men conversed a moment together, and then entered the house, and she heard them ascend the stairs.

As they were not returned she was convinced they did not go farther than the second story; and her rooms being on that floor her apprehensions became almost certainty, and she trembled violently with alarm.

That some evil was meditated towards the poor boy at her side, she believed almost certain; and if any harm should come to him, while he was in her charge, she was sure she should never see a moment's happiness again. She did not dare to run with Herbert, lest they should be seen and pursued, and the child should be carried off; and she was equally afraid to enter the house by the passage in which she stood, and then, if followed, her retreat would be quite cut off. She remained silently watching her visitors, who had returned to the sidewalk, and they were so near to her, that when either voice diminished she could hear them talk in a low tone, but she could only distinguish an occasional word of their conversation, and nothing which gave a clue to its import.

Eight or ten minutes passed, during which the poor woman's anxiety increased almost to madness, and still the strangers maintained their position, looking up and down the street, and evidently awaiting her approach. When the carriage-door were about to depart, instead of doing so, one of them again went up stairs, and presently descended, accompanied by the little girl whom Aunt Judy had left at home. Anna was talking in a child's clear, distinct voice, which the trembling woman heard very plainly.

"That is the way they went," she said, pointing down the street: "they'll be sure to be coming in a few minutes, if you can wait; won't you please to walk up and sit down till they come?"

"Thank you," replied a very bland voice; "we'll wait here; it'll do just as well to see them here."

"Better," said another voice, equally soft.

Anna seemed assured that the distinguished guests should not depart before the return of Mrs. Binney; she peered curiously under the darkness in the direction they had gone, and in her eagerness to see them, she stood entirely Hide by little, until unheard by Aunt Ally, she stood close in front of her and whispered that if the girl should look towards the hall, she could scarcely fail to discover Herbert, for a tiny light flickered in the passage sufficient to reveal the outline of both woman and child.

When Mrs. Binney perceived this new danger it was too late to avoid it by retreat, for the sound of her steps would be sure to attract attention, and she hastily determined to do as Anna turned suddenly round, and the surprised start which it gave, showed that she saw and recognized her mistress.

"Why, Mrs. Binney!" she exclaimed, in a loud voice, which caused both the strangers to turn suddenly round, look her, apparently to see the woman so emphatically announced.

But as Anna spoke, she saw the upraised hand of Aunt Judy beckoning her to silence, and a warning shudder from her lips, and saw the woman and child retreat behind the corner.

The visitors advanced instantly on hearing Anna's exclamation; but the quick-witted girl had turned suddenly away from the door, and, when they approached her, she was quietly walking down the street, nearly as much alarmed at the mysterious acts of silence as her employer.

"Where? Where is she?" asked the man in a breath.

"There! There! She just passed that corner; but she did not observe me when I called; she must began to run."

"Which way? Was the boy with her?"

The two questions were asked simultaneously by different voices, and Anna replied:

"Yes, they were together; and they went that way," pointing down a cross street to the next bounded Tenement Row on the south.

The men started in pursuit, but one of them stopped and called to the driver to follow them with his carriage, and then, like his companion, he quickly disappeared around the corner.

The street was a narrow one, and it was with some difficulty that the vehicle was turned around; but when, after much twisting and backing, and several narrow escapes, it was speeding, the two men were out of sight.

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But as Anna spoke, she saw the upraised hand of Aunt Ally

OH! WHERE ART THOU!

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The birds have gone to rest, love,
The moon is gleaming bright;
The silvery stars are glistening
Upon the brow of night;
The summer's gentle zephyrs
Are playing round my bow;
The moments still is smiling,
But where, oh, where art thou?

One year ago to-day, love,
And then rest by my side!
Thy hand was clasped in mine, love,
Then vows my life, my pride;
The stars were shining brightly,
As they are shining now;
They have not changed in splendor,
But where, oh, where art thou?

I miss thee in the flowing
Its murmur, too, I feel
A sadness from thy absence
Soft o'er my bosom steal;
In Autumn, too, and Winter,
My heart is sad as now;
All joys have from me vanished,
For where, oh, where art thou?

Boston, Mass.

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER VII.

A MOONLIGHT JOURNEY.

Two years had passed. A group stood at the entrance of Dove Rollocks's house; just as in pantomime they hold often stood there, in bright summer-tide gathered around the open door.

But one was gone, who had many a time so stood, and the dame, beside deeper furrows and a paler cheek, wore a widow's cap.

At her side stood the young women we have known as Meg Stanton; she was Tom Kelleck's wife of a year past.

Patty, Ben Stone's handsome daughter, stood just within the door, an infant of some months in her arms; a small urchin just beginning to walk clinging to her gown.

The dame was speaking, but she had hardly finished before her imperious daughter broke in—

"Well, mother, I can't see it. I am as fond of Wally Franklin as any of you, though of course, living away in town, I couldn't do for her and that, as you and the rest do. But I can't see it. It's like a flying in the face of Providence, all is—drowning herself up, and mooning and pining away to ghost, and making that poor child no better."

"Nay, Patty, I think she's cheerful enough with Ida," said Meg, gently. "I found her the other evening singing to her as she sat by the cot asleep, and the dear little thing imitating of her, in her own weak voice as they didn't seem displacing."

"Well, what do she sing, when ell's done? last hymns and such like: it's all very well in church and Sundays, but there's a time for every thing, and everything in its place, as my good old mistis used to say."

"Ah! Patty, my child," said the good dame, "you don't know what it is to love as we do—yes, yes, I know, my girl, you loved your poor old father, but child, even that love is not like hers, poor lass! You've a good husband, God be thanked, Patty, and can think on you want for nothing: you can't understand what it is."

"And so sudden, too, as it was!" said quiet Meg.

"It was strange," she added, after a pause, "that we never made out what the boy was, mother, that brought that dreadful note."

"Well, Meg, I've always believed that it was a strange lad, belonging to some of the foreign craft maybe, that put into the harbor yonder that night; and had come to the Peep-o'-Day. You know child that poor Franklin was down there, they said; and that he drank hard and seemed strange. In his sleepy words in my mind that he was the worse for the liquor when ever he came to write that note. Ah! poor thing, poor lass! she may well have a heavy heart, Master, and it's a warning to us all."

"Well, mother," the daughter replied, in somewhat bomber tones, for her conscience appropriated the implied admonition—"mother, my tongue was none of the gentlest, though she made a thrifty and wife (well, I don't mean to say anything hard, goodness knows, of the poor thing), but I'm sure I always did my best, and was the first to know when I was in the wrong. Ah! poor thing, poor lass! she may well have a heavy heart, Master, and it's a warning to us all."

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"Here she comes! she comes! she's here!" shouted Meg: "stop a time before she's here! Tom says he's seen a light in her window these three days: dead of work for the shops in town, you know, Patty; she mun't thinge, and then she has her nests, too, so fast and well; the best she gets is the best work, baby things and that."

"Hard enough it must be."

"Aye, Patty, and you would not have much heart, in such like strains, to sing a love song or hum a jig."

Patty was silent. It is a difficult for the prosperous and happy to sympathize with the dejected state.

"I don't myself say it's over-wise in Nelly Franklin keeping on there, but, poor child, I can just see her: Harry Franklin's memory is a may say to look to in this world but her child, she says sings to the old ghost-song; and she has a great dratback to her. The poor bobs would lay nowhere but in her mind, and as I said, could she do, let alone the expense of doctor's stuff. But she vowed to think nothing of that, only so that it was saved."

"Poor thing!" and Patty pressed her's to her bosom. She dwelt at a considerable distance inland, and was but on a visit to her mother, who lived with her married son and his wife in the old home-stead.

"You see," continued Meg, "Nelly is so independent, if any one does help her a bit, she frets neither night nor day till she's paid it off—so it's no favor to her. You can't have her half of the good things that Dan sent us in the banana-box. We thought she wouldn't touch it, because from, but she found out, and she sat and knitted him a vision of socks—"

"Hark!" exclaimed Patty, interrupting her.

The sound of a voice singing the evening hymn came floating up on the still evening air, from below. There was nothing remarkable in the performance; the tones were clear and sweet, but plaintive, and without any effort at intonation or expression; but amid the surroundings, at that hour, it was very precious to the senses. Even the women did not speak till it had ceased.

"It is her," said Meg; "they always go down the beach as far as the Chine of evenings when its fine. It's the little thing's fancy for her to sing. I don't think poor Nelly would, of her own will, ever lift up her voice even that much; but the poor mite begs for it so hard, it's the flaunting thing you ever heard."

"Ay, that child's been God's own gift to her, afflicted as it is, as you observed!" said the dame.

"Did she never?" Patty began, when the sound of voices approaching caused her to stop.

Up the broadest pathway that led from the beach, across the down towards the Rollocks' cottage, came the young widow and her child.

The mother had carried her little girl up the ascent, but the moment the top was reached it evidently became the child's delight to run towards Meg, who advanced to meet them.

Nelly came with her arm in the elder's gown, and was greeted affectionately by the oldster; but they did not ask her, for her pale face told of the need then preparing. It had been done so often, and so heartily declined, that it had ceased to be required.

"Your eyes look tired, my child," said the dame; "you work too hard by inside-light—you should give yourself some rest."

"I read it to-night," said the widow, in a low voice, which was strange at first to those who had known Nelly Harcourt, but now had ceased to be so.

"Sooth, yes, of course, so we all do," said Patty, quickly.

"I shall come and see you to-morrow, mind," said gentle Meg.

Nelly looked her, and said she would be glad; but no change of the countenance marked any sign of pleasure in the prospect. She stood and talked.

But had Patty the dame or she would a mother, and little Ida had spoken to the knee of the old woman, and stood looking up to her face, looking inquiringly up into the face of Patty, who was a stranger to her.

Mother and child were dressed in deep mourning of the cheapest material, but made and put on with scrupulous neatness.

In that brief time what a change had come upon the once-fair beauty of Harcourt Cottage bye!

Her face was of a changeless, wearied pallor; her large eyes seemed larger from that emaciation, and had a dreamy, vacant look, gazing, as it were, into space, and the dark shadows underneath, gave deep set, and added to her tall stiffness and solitary weeping.

Her suit of mourning, simply girt and bonnet so proud, was drawn back under the widow's cap she still wore, and her bonnet, which had the hoodwise over her head, added to the strange, unearthly look about her.

The child, tall of her age, and unusually forward on its feet and in speech, had the bright eyes, with their dancing beauty, but not the sprightly glance nor arch attractions which in former days had made Ida Harcourt the most arrant stroke which had cost the poor babe full many years to mend, still rested on it, and little Ida would be passed by in the crowd as a child of unusual plainness.

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"Will, mother, I'm sure it is. I am as fond of Wally Franklin as any of you, though of course, living away in town, I couldn't do for her and that, as you and the rest do. But I can't see it. It's like a flying in the face of Providence, all is—drowning herself up, and mooning and pining away to ghost, and making that poor child no better."

"Nay, Patty, I think she's cheerful enough with Ida," said Meg, gently. "I found her the other evening singing to her as she sat by the cot asleep, and the dear little thing imitating of her, in her own weak voice as they didn't seem displacing."

"What does she sing?" asked Patty, when the little girl, gathering courage from Meg's look, looking inquiringly up into the face of Patty, who was a stranger to her.

Meg had already been dressed in deep mourning of the cheapest material, but made and put on with scrupulous neatness.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SONG OF THE PALM.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Joyously, joyously sound the trump,
And lift the accurst pall!
When ye stand in the thoughtful shadow made
By the towering, holy palm!
For the words of the sainted man I grew,
For the martyr robed in flame,
And the Arabian prophet's fearful scene,
And sweep Redemption's lyre.

On the hills of the Holy Land I wave;
Of me it is said, and truly,
That I speak where the wilder'd prophet stood
When he shook with the breath divine,
By the wells of the Glorious One quite
As man never spoke before—
I will say the sons of men be awed
When they list to my sexless lore!

Or—
How my leaves have wreathed a Stephen's tomb!
How they still our Patmos' strife,
In a litany of the deathless glory flashed,
And by angels guarded, twice!
Ye've joyously, joyously sound the trump,
And lift the accurst pall!
When ye stand in the thoughtful shadow made
By the towering, holy palm!

TREED BY A PANTHER.

THE STORY OF A FRENCH OFFICER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

While cantoned with my regiment in a wild, mountainous region of Algeria, I occasionally made excursions into the surrounding country, in quest of the smaller game which abounded in that vicinity; and though far from being one of the best marksmen of my regiment, I usually returned to camp with less than a dozen brace of partridges, and numbers of hares, wild geese, plovers, quails, and so on. This occurred in a short time made me quite infatuated with the sport, and I began to think of quitting the service and turning hunter altogether. Perhaps I should have done so but for a serious adventure which befell me not long afterward, and which completely weaned me from the desire to leave my home in the forest.

One bright morning in September I set off with a companion at a very early hour, and shaped my course for a swampy field, distant some three or four leagues, and which, owing to its rough, country character, we did not reach till the sun was from one to two hours above the eastern horizon.

This swampy field stretched along the base of a steep, rocky and wood-covered ridge, dividing the latter from a clear, beautiful lake; and the rich alluvion was so soft and moist as to cause us to require considerable caution on the part of the engineer to avoid a bad mire quicksand. The thicket was filled with legions of snipe and other small game; and as these had been our chief attraction in the spot, we were little thought in the risks of the undertaking, but boldly plunged into the darker recesses of the swamp to carry on our work of destruction.

I soon tired of it, however, for it was literally slaughter and not sport. No skill whatever was required. All we had to do was to fire with shot, point our guns as the nearest cloud of birds, pull the trigger, and pick up the game at our leisure.

"This will never do for me, Victor!" said I to my companion. "I am not partial to any unusual trouble in loading down game—and then I do like a chance to aim once in a while, if only for the sake of keeping my hand in. The line of shooting birds as they are in the act of nipping on the wing of our guns! Bah!"

"My dear fellow," replied my companion, "it may be very fine sport for you to go stimulating about through this wooden, and shoot a shot now and then from a distance too great for a poor marksman like me; but then the best is, I like to shoot often, and kill something every time I fire, and when each shot is fired I have a chance to my rates and abilities than this!"

"If you want to get a large supply, cram it full of domestic fowls, and fire a cannon, loaded with small grape, into it, you almost certainly kill more at one shot than you do now, but I am not sure that the sport would be any more exciting to you than you would have a chance to display any greater amount of skill."

"Ah, well, you may laugh at me if you will," he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, and "soon time I will shoot snipes."

"Victor, there are some lying dead around us now than we can carry back to camp, and so you let us quit and try and find something more worthy of French officers?"

"And all because you are obliged to shoot at two yards instead of thirty! I cannot, I will not, so for such glory. Let us do my work here, and do you go up and find some yonder hills. Then we shall both be satisfied—I because I shall kill my game at close quarters, and you because you will do the same from a skillful distance. What do you say?"

"That I will go up the hill, contemplate the surrounding scene, and give you a call in two hours more to carry on your butchery. But be ready by that time to call me, or I shall leave you alone in your glory."

"All right, my friend—I shall do wonders in two hours."

"Kill a thousand poor innocent snipe at least!" said I, as I turned away, with a smile of contempt, and began to pick my way out of the thicket.

On quitting the swamp and gaining the hard ground at the base of the ridge, I drew up, and, mechanically sacred the latter, but sustained along the level for a couple of hundred yards, my mind occupied with thoughts and reflections that led me far away from the scene around me. In this manner I approached a large, beautiful spring of clear, cold water, that bubbled up through the roots of an immense tree, whose dense foliage formed over it a most delightful shade, and I mechanically stopped to gaze upon it before my mental vision took part or equivalent of what the material saw.

At length my attention was arrested by what appeared to be the recent footprints of some wild beast made in the soft, moist earth of the margin, and a close and deliberate examination led me to believe the animal to be a panther, which had stopped and drank at the spring within a few hours, but whether before or since daylight I could not determine. At all events, here was something with which to amuse myself during the two hours allotted to my companion, and I forthwith began to trace the course of the recreating beast, with a view to following its trail for a short distance, and hopefully finding the carnivore in his vicinity.

My companion was still busy at his discreditable work in the swamp—occasionally a salute passed that I did not hear the report of his piece—and resolved not to disturb him, or venture beyond the sound of his gun, I began to follow the tracks of my solitary guest. For fifty yards the trail ran along the edge of the swamp, and then turned up the hill, where it was lost on the harder ground; and as I had no dogs with me to take up the scent, I should never have thought of looking further for the animal if there had been anything better with which to amuse and occupy my mind. As it was, however, I went up the hill, giving all the denser undergrowth a cautious inspection before entering it, and carefully examining the rocky ledges for some crevice, hole, or cave, in which the beast might have its home.

An hour, thus passed, found me upon the top of the ridge, which was a long, level plain, a large old tree, whose lower lateral branches were shooting signs of decay. I had already given up my search for the beast, and had stopped here to rest and take a survey of the scene below, with its narrow belt of swamp, its gliding lake, its broad, level, green plain beyond, and once more had my mind begun to wander away to still brighter scenes in a distant land, when I suddenly became interested in a peculiar whining sound that seemed to be made on or near me.

I looked down at my feet, and beheld here, solid earth; I walked around the tree, and could not discover any thing particularly suspected all the branches overhead, but did not detect even so much as a bird among a nest. Where had the sound come from, and by what had it been produced? I listened, but all was silent as the sphinx. All I knew more than ever that I was not deceived in the matter, I was on the point of giving it up, when I was startled by the same sounds as before, and was about to exclaim, "What were those sounds? and whence came they? Again I listened, and was more than ever puzzled over everything, above and below, but could not perceive any source whence an animal but the size of my fist could be screened from my view.

I was about to make a circuit of the tree